

P R E F A C E.



Courteous Reader;

MY design in putting into your hands this fragment, is not from any desire I have to shew how well versed I am in the *Irish* language, nor yet to magnify *Patrick* or his *coachman*, or make any complaints of the *old gentleman's* partiality to *two* of his sons in prejudice to the *third*, but purely for the sake of truth, and to undeceive all who think it worth their while to concern themselves in the knowledge of the affairs of a private family, and convince them they are imposed upon by the *pretended* translator of the *fragment of the history of PATRICK*, who has either translated it from a faulty Copy, or else knows nothing of the original language, or has wilfully perverted it, or has taken it from a Poet, as he seems to own, *p. 6.* for it is an heap of arrant lies, instead of a true history.

Where he found his manuscript, I know not. I had mine from the *old office*, kept in the *house at the foot of the hill*, where all *Patrick's* business was done, time immemorial, which any one may peruse, who understands the language, and will be surprized to see how this insipid translator has varied from known facts, and related others never heard of before.

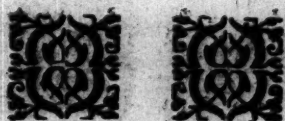
Compare and see——

D U B L I N :

PATRICK'S

Printed in the Year MDCCLIII.

THE
FOURTH CHAPTER
OF
PATRICK'S
PURGATORY, &c.



DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year MDCCCLIII.



PURGATORY, &c.

DUBLIN:

Printed by J. W. M. Macdonald.

THE
FOURTH CHAPTER
OF
PATRICK'S
PURGATORY, &c.

WHAT passed in the private meetings between Harry, and the Overseer, we don't think needful, at present, to relate; but on whatever terms they parted, the two *Gentlewomen* had grumblings in their gizzards, tho' seemingly they parted peaceably; and when they got among their gossips in the evening, began to make remarks on one another. *Jenny Minor* having little regard for *Patrick*, apply'd all her discourse to flatter the *Overseer*, and the best way she thought to compliment him, was to call *Harry* the *Coachman* all to naught, and, in plain terms, to call *Dolly* his whore. *Dolly Major* on the other hand, tho' she had a marvellous contempt for *Jenny*, never called *whore*, or insinuated that she was the *Overseer's* trull, because she knew they would both take it as a compliment; but, indeed, otherwise, she was not sparing of her tongue. "Did you observe," says she, "what airs the Bitch gave herself, as we went thro' the lobby? how she tossed up her filthy nose in the great hall, as who should say, where are my *bettors*? marry come up; it was but t'other day she hadn't a rag to cover the yellow hide of her; and since the *Overseer* has got her an *allowance*, she flaunts it like my *Lord Mayor's* Lady. God forgive me, I hate proud people above all things in the world, and I'll
"dye

"dye but I'll take her pride down. I have seen proud beggars, but never before saw any proud of their beggary."

Jenny too had her flings at the *other*, but chiefly she bent her investives against *Harry*. He an honest man! he's a *rogue*, and I'll publish it to all the world; I'll make the *Chaplain* write down an account of his knaveries, to be read by every one in the *parish*, (for the *Chaplain* paid her great court, and made believe he was in love with her) it shall be *printed*, and then no body can doubt it. Seeing is believing, and *print* can't lye. Full of this project away she went to the *Overseer*, who approved it mightily, and encouraged the *Chaplain* to it. But the *Chaplain*, not being much of a *pen and ink man*, excused himself, and recommended a *Farmer*, who lived near, for that purpose, who was glad of the employment, and to work he went. The *Farmer* had been an old practitioner at his pen, and yet never could write a *clean hand*, or give a *clear* account of any thing he sat about. He had *one way* of beginning every thing, and one set of *strange words*, which, for the blood of him, he could not get away from. He always began, by setting out as far from the purpose as possible, and made use of such *antick*, and *odly put together* words, that it was not easy, for a good while, to conjecture, how they could have any relation or connexion with any human affairs, much less with the matter in hand.

If he was to write down the *family accounts*, he would begin by telling you, in a long preamble, that *letters* and *figures* were a fine invention, how we were indebted to the *Phœnicians* for the first, and the *Arabians* for the second, and so would descend gradually, till he came to *o l. o s. 2 d. for eggs*; if he was *employ'd* by any of the *neighbours* (for some had a huge opinion of him) to write a petition to the *grand jury* in their favour, and to save a fine, or a bill, he would begin by shewing they *ought* to pay the fine, and then, towards the end of the *petition*, that they *ought not* to pay one penny, or have any *bill* whatever found against them. This he thought cunning.

If he was to tell, how an *apothecary* crack'd his gally-pots, and ran away bankrupt, he would begin with a story of a cock and a bull, and *Jack the giant killer*, and so many *prodigies*,
and

and adventures, and nick-names for knights, that, in conclusion, you couldn't guess where he left the *apothecary*, or what became of *Jack* and the *giants*.

In like manner it happen'd when he began his *history* of *Harry's* exploits, that it must be *THE HISTORY OF THE KNIGHT OF THE BRIDGE*—beginning, *as usual*, “Once upon a time a country farmer saw some of his town's-folk fall together by the ears, &c.”—from thence to a *Roman* emperor catching flies, *Hercules* spinning, both whom he learnedly proves to have been ill employ'd; and then to *Janus* painted with two faces, which he chuses to phrase, a *duplicate of faces* contrasted in features; not knowing that *duplicates* must be as like one another, as two impressions of the *same seal*; so that if one face be comely, he should make the other so too; but we shall see anon what a painter he is.

Another time he would be a poet, and make *tragedies*; and having seen, *how tears began to flow*, when the unfortunate lover was forced from the arms of his lovely, loving spouse, or tender mistress, he resolv'd to outdo them all, and break every heart, by shewing them *his heroe*, parting with his mother, and taking a last farewell.

Last of all, this *Farmer* would needs turn *Politician*, tell *Governors* their duty, and *subjects* their duty; and, to do it the better, would take a lesson from some *old book*, written about a *commonwealth* that never existed since the creation of *Adam*, and lay down his rules in so strange a *lingo*, that a man must be new created in order to understand them. If he heard *Dick the Plowman*, complaining that *Roger* threaten'd to run his pitchfork in his guts, he would gravely say, “My countrymen, communities, or societies, or constitutions, are formed by all the members having an unalienable right to the grand, durable, undeterminable property, which they participate in, like *light* or *air*, and by having an exclusive property apart, which all do not participate in. Hence it is evident, that a man may be injured in his durable property, and also in his exclusive property. The first case pervades the constitution, and the hue and cry must be raised; the second touches only property apart, and the hue and cry has nothing to do with it

“Now,

"Now, Dick, if Roger runs you thro' with his pitchfork, he, in no case, *persuades the constitution*, and the *constitution* would be very impertinent to question him about it; but, in your own defence, you may use the *personal powers* nature has provided."

I can't say how far his *countrymen* were edified by this discourse; but, if they never quarrell'd till they were sure of his meaning, I think verily they were friends for life.

Jenny, you may be sure, was in raptures with the farmer, and cry'd him up to the skies. "Let us see now," says she, "what a figure Mr. Coachman makes? if this does not prove to all the world Harry Coachman a rogue, and Dolly Major his *whore*, then say my mother was a maid."

Now, by the way, this was a little imprudent in miss Jenny, as it was impossible Dolly could be Harry's *whore*, for two reasons; *first*, no woman can be a *whore*, but one who takes money for her favours; and, *secondly*, Harry had no money to give her. The little he had of his own *burn'd in his pocket*, till he laid it out on his *horse-pond*; and his perquisites were less than any one, in his place, ever had, since coaches were invented. Dolly, it is true, was always ready to grant him a small favour *now & then*, but then it was all for *love* and *mutual joy*, which makes the difference between an honest woman and a prostitute; whereas Jenny never did any thing for *love*, but made her bargain first, in the *face of the sun*, shew'd the money in her *fist*, and would count it twice before she *began the feat*; so that by all construction, and rules of speaking, Dolly, at worst, was but a *lady of pleasure*, and Jenny, by her own confession, a corrupted, mercenary, *brimstone*, bitch, *whore*, and harlot.

Whoever shall read this history a hundred years hence, (for, tho' but a fragment, it will, doubtless, survive the present age) will be apt to wonder, what could possess the *Overseer*, to take Jenny Minor into *keeping* at so monstrous a charge, when he might have had as much pleasure in Dolly's company, who was full as handsome, and ten times *better spoken*, without a *stalling* charge either to him or his master: it could not be
whim,

whom, for he was not *making head*; it would not be barely the *solidity of one*, that made him prefer her to the other, (and that will recommend *Samuel*) or for a quiet life, in his joint pursuit of business and pleasure, for she kept him in hot water; nor will it be supposed he could think it more creditable to keep company with *Jenny*, for he denied it *at home*, and swore to Mr. *George's* coachman, that he never did, or would, consort with her, and even pretended, at times, that *Dolly* was in love with him.

To relieve my reader, therefore, from the anxiety of guessing at this unaccountable liking, I must acquaint him, that the *Overseer* had two designs; one rational enough, the other both mean and absurd; the first, was, to be *kept*, and that mrs. *Dolly* should entertain him for that purpose; some rich ladies, he knew, would do it, and he was, to do him justice, a *beau garçon*. The other was, to procure mrs. *Dolly* for his master *George*, or, more properly, for his Coachman, who always made use of his master's name when he was providing for himself.

The first of these he had hinted to *Dolly* pretty plainly, the other he kept secret. Now, though she was not of a humour to refuse a flying favour, or, by any means, a hard-hearted dame, yet the thoughts of *keeping*, or *being kept*, for her pleasures, was shocking to her; as it must be to every woman, who preserves any remains of the *deity*, though last expiring of all female virtues, a *decaying* *pride*. The proposal threw him quite out of her good graces, and she never could take a liking to him after. Though this *grieved* him, yet he knew his failing in the other points would *make him*, and that *George's* coachman was not to be *sham'd* by any stories of *Dolly's* prudery, perverseness, or peevishness; but that *have* her he must; and since he had undertaken to procure her, if he failed, he knew it was at his peril.

In short, he found there was but one way to succeed, and perform his promise, and that was to put *Jenny Minn* on him for miss *Dolly*. So he pamper'd her, and cloath'd her, and got her taught the *fashionable phrases* and airs, and wrote word to the

the *Coachman* that she was a sweet girl, and as *kind* as he could wish, hoping, as *Harry* had never seen *either*, to *palm* her on him with the more ease in the room of the other.

How she answered his expectation we shall see in some following chapters; and how well the *Overseer* succeeded in his Stratagem.

END OF THE FOURTH CHAPTER.